

## Half Life Drabbles

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Summary: Just a few short stories that I have on certain scenes and characters of the Half Life saga. Rating will always be T, unless a drabble requires higher, although all stories will not be just T.

Now up, Time in a Copter.

### 1. Red Letter Days have to have a beginning

**\*\*Red Letter Days have to have a beginning\*\***

The old wood creaked as the girl jumped from the ceiling window, landing onto the flooring. She looked behind herself quickly, making sure no one had seen her. There didn't need to be any trouble now, definitely not today. They got enough from the Combine on a regular basis, anyhow...

Alyx stood up, gripping one of the bolts on her belt instinctively. She turned back to the front, and began to walk slowly down the tenement hallways. A few dank doors were open, the citizens inside either sitting down and watching the sole T.V.s in every apartment, or just staring out the few windows they had. Alyx thought she could hear one of the Breencasts even as it repeated itself.

"But I also suspect several "unspoken" questions being asked--" Vance tried to shut the Administrator's voice out. They had all listened to them back at Mesa East, just to see what kind of trash he was trying to spill out to the cities. Just more garbage here, more attempts to convince the citizens of accepting Combine rule. Like it'd work though. He might get a couple people more comfortable with seeing a human face being nice to them, but most people would just let the "information" go through one ear and out the other.

\_ 'At least, that's always what dad says.' \_ she thought to herself. Alyx looked around a few more times, stopping next to another open door. She could hear voices coming from it, more active than usual.

\_ 'Crap.' \_

"Don't move, resisting arrest is allowance for ordinance C-134." Even without looking she could tell from the slightly-electronified and authoritative voice who was talking behind the walls.

\_ 'Metro-cops.' \_ Alyx moved her hand away from the one tool, and over to another. No way she could just get past them without being seen, and especially in her get-up. She hated the clothing that the Combine made citizens wear; just a two-piece blue jump-suit with a white shirt underneath. Didn't matter how dirty they got, one was all every citizen had.

She herself wore stuff that she'd fixed up, and had gotten from others. A brown jacket going down to about her middle, with a few duct-taped holes on the inside. An old Black Mesa hoody she'd gotten from her dad, which was starting to get just a little too small for her. An armband, covered up her wrist back from when she'd injured herself there once. She never had taken it off though, she liked the look. And jeans, sort of like what the citizens \_did\_ wear, but definitely not a standard issue of them from the Combine. Stuff the resistance had been able to sew together and give her. Her shoes were nothing special compared to the rest of her outfit, just some rubber-soled boots.

"I said don't move!" The words were followed by a little bit of static and a cry of pain. Alyx winced at it, even as a few more followed. Damn Metro-Cops were always overzealous, always pushing around the citizens they were "supposed" to "protect". Big surprise really...

She turned around, looking at the other doors. She couldn't hear any sounds coming from them. Good, no trouble then. Slowly, Alyx crept back to one of them. She stepped inside the one room, no door left on the hinges. It was lighted up, but from the citizens' reactions, it could of easily been night. They stared at whatever they were doing, ignoring her presence. She noticed one of them however, looking up at her for a moment. He mouthed something barely hearable, but she was able to pick it up.

"Hey, Alyx..."

She smiled at the dark-skinned man and nodded silently, as he turned back to the T.V. in the room. She made it to the other side of the tenement room, coming out the back door. Vance looked back down the hall, seeing metro-cops exit the other room. She cut a corner, getting out of their sight quickly. She peered over the side, catching a glimpse of them. They were moving in the opposite direction, taking a bloodied citizen with them. She sighed, moving away from the corner and resting against the crumbling wall.

\_ 'One more citizen for the Combine to twist, damnit!' \_ But there wasn't anything she could do to help him, or any of the others. Sure, she a pistol, but opening up a firefight with the Metro-Cops in \_City 17\_? That wasn't a really smart idea, especially on today.

Alyx looked back in front of her, and tried to see what was in front of her. Judging by the darkness, it was probably a stairwell. She moved a tentative hand out, and felt cold wire and mesh. Yep, definitely a stairwell. Vance moved to the side, her eyes better

adjusting to the place's lighting. She felt a rail in front of her, and grasped it. She then took several steps, beginning to climb the stairs. After a few seconds she was already quietly running up them, getting to the top of the place in only a few minutes.

"Alright..." she spoke to herself, seeing the better-lit hallway in front of her. "Just where is he going to--"

The sounds of doors crashing open and slamming into concrete caught her ears. Dozens of small static noises followed. She didn't wait for anything else, breaking into a sprint towards the sound. In seconds she came across one of the doors, pushed against the ragged wall. Metro-Cops filled the adjacent-hallway, all of them armed with Stun-batons. She spied someone on the floor, wearing the same clothes as all the other citizens on the lower levels.

It was a man in his late-twenties, with the exact same clothing on him as the other civilians downstairs. He was white, with a small beard ending in a goatee on his face. His hair was brown, and short. There wasn't anything really remarkable about him however, except...

He wore a pair of glasses over his eyes.

"No you don't!" she said, charging into the room. One of the cops immediately came at her, raising his weapon to strike. She ducked down and threw her fist into his stomach. He dropped the baton and fell forward immediately; Alyx pushing him to the side. The others then charged, albeit a bit more carefully. Vance turned to the second nearest one, and kicked him in his face. She heard the sound of something breaking in his gas mask even as he tumbled backwards, letting out a groan of pain.

She quickly turned and slammed an elbow into a third cop as he came right at. The attack slammed into his windpipe, possibly breaking it. She pulled it back, just before ducking again as one of the last two tried to swing back her.

"Too slow!" she said, a small grin on her face. She shot her other arm right between the man's legs and brought it up quickly, before knocking him away rather easily. She then turned to the last guard, getting quickly into a fighting stance. The last guard took a few steps back from her, bringing his hands up in front of him. His stun baton dropped to the ground, almost as if in a sign of surrender. Alyx narrowed her eyes and punched him in the face, right between the two eye-goggles. He fell to the side, the wood creaking beneath his body.

'That felt... good.' Alyx took in a few breaths, letting herself for a moment lean against the wall. No scanners around, and no more cops to call in immediate back-up, so it was okay. She back over at the civilian on the ground, and smirked. He looked pretty clean, nothing really seemed abrupt about him. Not many men were still sporting goatees anymore, just beards. But the glasses... only one other person she had seen before had had glasses. But he was way too old too old, definitely. Not like could have been anything, anyway.

But this guy, he looked... cute. For someone who'd she only heard about from her dad and other surviving colleagues, it was sort of

surprising. Shouldn't he look a lot older than just... one or two years older than her? Not something to really think about at the moment though, she could notice he was already beginning to stir. She stood back up, and moved towards him. She crouched over the man, and stared at him more intently. She could already see his eyes begin to open back up, light coming into them. She smiled for the second time today, even as she began to reach over to his one hand.

"Doctor Freeman I presume?"

## 2. Time in a Copter

**\*\*Note:**Thanks for the reviews, guys. Just another small thought, not exactly canon however. Also, you all know how G-Man speaks, yes? Well, it's a bit hard to get that to writing, but bear with me, if you will.  
> \*\*

**\*\*Time in a Copter.\*\***

How long... how long had he been here...

What was it? Ten, twenty, maybe even thirty? He'd lost count so long ago it didn't even matter. Or maybe a day, possibly just a few hours. After all, his clothes felt just as rough and grimy as the the day he'd gotten out of Black Mesa. His mask, right next to him on the seat felt just as slick and rubbery as it always did. Nothing to indicate that any time had passed, nothing...

No, not just a day, couldn't be, couldn't be! Where did all the scratch marks on the sides of the helicopter come from then? Had they just been done minutes ago? No... he could remember... going to sleep and... doing them every time he woke up. It couldn't just be one day, that was just... impossible! But... the cuts into the side always looked so... fresh, new... like he'd just done them. Just like his clothing...

Adrian Shephard rubbed his hands over his smooth face. It had been years since he had first gotten here, over two decades at least. He hadn't aged in a single day, had he though? No, no way he could have. His face never grew hair anymore, on his chin or scalp. His clothing never seemed to be tight anymore. Sure, he'd done his growing back in his teens, but what were the old jokes about a few soldiers always getting their growth spurts after joining? Something about being in submarines, and getting too tall...

He turned on his side, lying on his cot that usually three men sat in. There wasn't anyone here though, just him. An entire copter, just like the one he'd come to Black Mesa on, and all for him... no one else here...

For twenty years! For twenty damn years! What was he supposed to do here? Just stay here until he died? How? Jumping out of the sides of the copter? He already tried that, nothing happened, like a barrier was there that he couldn't get through. He couldn't starve himself either, since he was never hungry...

No, there was nothing he could do, nothing to get out of this place. It was like Hell here, just like it. No... worse... at least in Hell

he'd know what he was there for, and where he actually was. He'd see his other buddies probably too there, all the other marines who didn't make it in Black Mesa. He grinned darkly. Wouldn't be too bad though, they'd probably even kick some demon ass, like they all used to say inbetween fights. \_"Marines don't die, they just go to Hell and regroup." \_Yeah, that always got a kick out of him, always...

But here, no one else around, nothing to say why he was here, what he was doing here. Just \_nothing, \_no purpose for him at all. And for what? Seeing things at Black Mesa no one else had? The freaking aliens from that border world? It's not like he had been the only one who had seen them? What about the damn guy he'd been sent to Mesa to kill in the first place! Shephard sat up on his seat, staring at the cold metal floorboards of the vehicles. He bunched his hands into fists, and gritted his teeth.

Gordon Freeman. Damn him, damn him and all the stupid scientists at Black Mesa! If it hadn't been for him, if it hadn't been for them messing with things and doing whatever they had done, none of his buddies would have had to show up; he wouldn't have had to show up! None of them would have died, or been injured, or have nightmares about what they saw there... for years...

An endless amount of years for some.

A buzzing sound suddenly made itself heard. Shephard looked up to see what was making it. In twenty years he hadn't heard anything like that, but he couldn't forget the man's damn calling card. No, he couldn't forget \_that\_...

And then it appeared. A shining rectangle slid through the darkness, right next to the opening of the helicopter. Adrian covered his eyes with his arms, the light blinding him for a moment. For a second it was relieving, stimulating to see something different, something actually \_change\_ about this prison. His eyes took over a few minutes to finally adjust enough for him to see. It really \_had\_ \_been\_ a long time since he'd gotten here.

But almost immediately he wished he had just stayed blind. A person stepped through the "door", stopping only to straighten his purple tie. He wore a gray two-piece business suit, with black dress shoes. Everything about him just read some sort of corporate executive, with slicked-back black hair, and one of those jaunting faces that intimidated anyone willing to sit down and "discuss" business with him.

\_ 'It's him.' \_

"How long has it... been, Colonel Shephard?" The guant man said, taking a few steps in his direction. Shephard nearly jumped out of his seat, launching himself right at him. Only, he suddenly couldn't move. Adrian flashed his eyes towards his lower body. His legs... they wouldn't... budge! What the hell was going on...

"There has be-en... a chaaange inplans. You are no longer... need-ed to be pro-tec-ted." Adrian looked back up as the G-man (That had been what they used to call him at boot camp, right?) continued on. His voice... it was just the same as before. Broken and stretched words in every sentence. Why'd he speak like that? Was english his second language or something? No... couldn't be, he had good grammar, just

screwed up the words randomly. Almost like... like he didn't feel comfortable talking.

"If you wish... your time has come again." The man smirked, before taking a step to the side. Adrian felt his whole body shiver, like something running down his arms and chest. He could... move again. He stood up tentatively after a few seconds, almost falling down as soon as he did so. Shephard moved his head from the portal, then back to the G-Man, who continued to smile. He outstretched an arm to the "door", keeping his face towards the soldier.

"Of course, there is a... stipulation to leaving." Adrian looked to the door again. What was this? Redemption? A way to get out of his exile? Was God having fun with him? Was God actually with him right now, standing next to him? It could've easily been, whoever this guy was seemed to be able to anything. And all that crap about a peaceful and loving God... yeah right...

Adrian took a step forward, putting a foot out towards the portal. It had been years since he'd actually walked towards something, instead of just in circles, just pacing. He felt another sensation go through his body, starting in the legs. Purpose... there was actually something to do now... somehow to get out. His head started to feel a little clearer, more than it had ever felt. A thought crossed his mind when he was only a couple more steps from the portal.

But what if... what if this was another trick, just leading right back to where he was... or somewhere worse? What if it was into a pit of monsters, or right into the path of an airstrike?

He took another step forward, this time tensing up his arms as well, keeping them still at his sides.

Whatever. It was better than being stuck here. Death was better than this.

Shephard reached the portal, and walked through it. Everything suddenly blacked out. He tried to motion his arms, his legs, but he couldn't feel anything. The G-man's voice made itself heard.

"Excellent Colonel Shephard. You've made the right choice."

End  
file.